

Hawaiian Opera House

MONDAY OR TUESDAY
W. D. ADAMS PRESENTS

KUBELIK

THE

Greatest Living Violinist

Owing to the uncertainty of the hour of arrival of Steamship Marama, arrangements have been made with Territorial Messenger Service to answer questions concerning Concert in the event of Kubelik arriving after business houses close.

Ring Telephone 361
TICKETS AT WALL, NICHOLS CO., Ltd.
The Prices Have Been Arranged to Suit Everyone:

Gallery	- - - - -	\$ 1.00
Balcony 1st row	- - - - -	3.00
Balcony 2nd row	- - - - -	2.00
Dress Circle and Parquet	- - - - -	3.00
Loges	- - - - -	25.00
Boxes	- - - - -	25.00

Feast of Human Bloodhounds

Criminals Cannot Escape Australian Trackers

A criminal in Australia knows that his chances for escape are nearly hopeless if a "tracker" is put upon his trail within a day after the crime is discovered. A "tracker" is a native black man having a natural instinct for running down criminals fleeing from justice. These men are veritable bloodhounds, and their strange power is possessed by no other race in the world.

So implicit is the confidence felt in them by the police that when a black starts out upon a man hunt the officer who goes with him merely follows in his wake. He does not question him, but, leading his own horse, allows the guide to go in whatever direction he pleases, no matter how apparently reasonless his course may seem, says Pearson's Weekly.

The most successful trackers are in Queensland, near the edge of New South Wales. They will travel any distance, animated by no feeling of hatred for their quarry, but only desirous of proving their expertness. The reward they ask is absurdly small for the long and difficult trails. A few shillings or some cheap bracelets, rings and so on, quite satisfies them. They have no idea of the value of money. Rum is their great weakness.

Once a tracker was employed to locate some valuable trees for a timber man. He had to travel some forty miles through a forest so dense that it was necessary to cut his way through with his tomahawk. All he asked for was a bottle of rum, while the timber merchant derived over £2,000 from the sale of the trees.

The following description of a man hunt will convey a clear idea of the dangers and hardships to be endured: In this particular case the tracker was a splendid specimen of manhood. The usual loin garment of kangaroo skin he had exchanged for a light covering of cotton cloth provided by the police. He led a horse, so as to make time in the open country districts where the runaway's footsteps could be seen from a horse. The hunt was very earnest, because the fugitive had stolen some cattle. In Australia the crime of cattle stealing is most severely dealt with, and considered a serious offense.

The offender was a well-seasoned bushman, cunning, and acquainted with the tactics of the "trackers"; furthermore, he had two days' start of his pursuers.

ployer were glad to reach an "accommodation house" (or rancher's home), where such as these were usually welcomed and allowed to put up for the night. At this house the officer tried to hear tidings of his man, but no one had seen him.

All the next day the black fellow led along as swiftly as possible. The way was extremely rough, and mile after mile was covered through wild silences, until a stranger would surely think the guide was playing a losing game. At no time could they ride, and it was with great difficulty that they reached a sort of clearing, where the horses were tied and camp struck for the night. Tearing huge strips of bark from the trees and wrapping blankets around them, each lay on the concave surface of one for a bed and rested.

At noon the next day a bushman's cabin was reached and there the tired horses were tethered. The hunters then proceeded on foot. Another night in the forest, and the fourth day found these intrepid hunters making their way through underbrush peculiar to Australia, called "lawyers and barristers," because its thorns and brambles catch one at every turn. Once the guide hesitated, turned back and struck off in another direction down an embankment, the rest tumbling after him.

A wild chase that must have been! Two white men following the apparently mad actions of a black fellow into places so remote that it would have been impossible to find the way out of them alone. But such is the confidence in that country in the faithfulness and ability of a "tracker." He now crawled for the greater part on his hands and knees, minutely examining twigs and branches for signs of a freshly broken passage way ahead of the others when he gave a subdued exclamation of delight.

"I catch white feller quick!" he said, and pointed to a scrap of cloth clinging to a broken twig. Four hours more, and a river was reached. There in the damp earth of the bank two footprints were plainly seen.

The "tracker" leaped into the river and struck out for the opposite side. Emerging upon the other bank, he ran, dripping, for twenty feet or so, following footprints that had again stopped at the water's edge.

Then the trapper paused. He was plainly puzzled. What had become of the cattle thief? Had he recrossed the river or swam down as far as he could and landed on either bank, then struck into the woods again? After sharply examining the ground, the troubled guide swam back and landed a few yards below his party. By his actions they saw that he had found the tracks again. The criminal had indeed crossed the river, but where had he gone after that?



THE LOVE THAT PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

—Pictorial Comedy.

CHURCH SERVICES TODAY.

- ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL**—Restarick, 7, 9 and 11 a. m.; Simpson, 7:30 p. m.
ST. CLEMENT'S EPISCOPAL—Usborne, 7 and 11 a. m.
ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH (Episcopal)—Potwine, 7 and 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.
CENTRAL UNION CHURCH—Scudder, 9:30 and 11 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH—Crane, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH—McKeever, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH—Feimly, Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; service, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
KAWALAHAO CHURCH—Parker, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Lono, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m.
PORTUGUESE EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Soares, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
CHINESE CHURCH—Thwing, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
REORGANIZED CHURCH OF LATTER DAY SAINTS—Waller, services morning and evening.
ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL—Services at 6, 7, 9, 10:30, 3 and 7.
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (R. C.)—Kalihiwaena, Clement, 8:30 a. m., high mass, sermon, collection, Sunday school; 4 p. m., rosary.
CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART (R. C.)—Marquesville, Punahou, Clement, 11 a. m., high mass, sermon, collection; 3 p. m., rosary, Sunday-school.
ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL (R. C.)—Waikiki, services at 9 a. m.
SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST—767 Kinau street, Williams, 7:30 p. m.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY—Room 1, Elite Building, 11 a. m.
SALVATION ARMY—10:30 a. m. and 6 and 8 p. m.
SEAMEN'S CHAPEL—Alakea street, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

them. They were sitting beneath a high eucalyptus tree.

"White feller no fool black feller," he said, smiling and breathless. Then it was seen that the fugitive had carefully covered up his tracks by walking backward. Strange to relate those tracks terminated under the very tree where the party was seated. But apparently the man hunt was finished. The game had vanished into space.

The "tracker" dashed into a thicket and hastily secured a strong, pliable vine used by the natives to scale tree trunks too smooth to climb. This he threw about the tree and began to ascend it. The others looked on in astonishment. Up went the black until thirty feet in the air. Then those below noticed that the main trunk of the tree had been broken off years before, forming a crotch for the new branches that had sprung up on either side.

shouting to the officer below: "Boss, Boss, I catch white feller! He play 'possum!"

Out of the opening appeared a man's head, and a more wretched object could never have been seen. He was tousled, dirty, gaunt, half starved.

In due course he paid the penalty of his crime. He said that, knowing a "tracker" would be put upon his trail, he hoped to give him the impression that he had been drowned while swimming the river.

Trackers have a horror of traveling after dark, being constantly in fear of meeting the Bunyip, a fearful monster with glaring eyes, which they believe to be the spirit of an old aboriginal king, who roams around the swampy land at night to catch black men. You can frighten a "tracker" half out of his wits by telling him you will send the Bunyip after him. They also believe that a giant lives on mountain tops, waiting to kill them with a club. Hence, they never sleep on top of a mountain or near a swamp, always


WE CLAIM
 that this New Process,
 Patent Roller

CROWN FLOUR

is the highest in quality of any sold in this Territory. It's made right, and milled right, from the right wheat. Everything about it is Right. The best flour anywhere, and the one that gives the Best Family Service. Ask your grocer for it.

Theo. H. Davies & Co., Ltd.
 DISTRIBUTORS

pitching their brush tents or mimos near a dry and level spot. Their only religion is that a big god, who has been asleep for ages, will one day awaken and eat up the whole world.

Tommy—Do you believe it is fortunate to be the seventh son? Mickey—Naw! I'm the seventh son. Tommy—But the fortune-tellers say the seventh son has all kinds of luck handed down to him. Mickey—Huh! All I have handed down to me is me six brothers' old clothes.—Chicago News.

At the police court of a provincial French city an old poacher was condemned for the twentieth time. At the moment that the gendarmes led him away he said to the judge in a benevolent voice, "Don't be disturbed, judge. You shall have your game all the same for dinner this evening."

"Willie, did you put your nickle in the contribution-box in Sunday-school today?" "No, mamma; I ast Eddy Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it for candy, an' he gave me permission."—Denver News.

Nell—He doesn't know anything about the little niceties of paying attention to a girl. Bell—Why, I saw him tying your shoestring. Nell—Yes, but he tied it in a double knot so it couldn't come untied again.—Philadelphia Record.

Blom's shirtwaist sale is a great event. Get there early and benefit by the marvelous prices.

THERE ARE

a good many reasons why people prefer fresh to stale goods, especially in food, or luxuries to eat. This is manifestly the case with candies, and it is why the demand for

ALLEGRETTI'S CREAM CHOCOLATES

never diminishes. The last piece taken from the box is as delicious, as fresh and as satisfying as the first. And they are made from pure materials—not one of the whole combination but what would pass the most exacting pure food law. These creams melt in the mouth, and the chocolate flavor lingers with you. We are sole agents. Boxes 45 and 55 cents.

Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd.
 HOTEL AND FORT

Yee Chan Co.
Dry Goods and Shoes
 King and Bethel Streets.